

Good Morning 575

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Calling L.S. Douglas Bullock

WHEN "G.M." representatives called to get news for you, L.S. Douglas R. Bullock, at 51, Headcorn Road, Thornton Heath, your Mother was busy tidying up the house and stoking the fires.

This is what she had to tell us. All the family are keeping well. Stan's wife, Florrie, will be returning with baby Ann from Letchworth now that things are quieter.

Sister Billy is still busy up at Croydon stopping the Income Tax wallahs getting too big a share of Croydon residents' wealth, so that they shall have a bit left over for new Town Halls and what not!

Two Words for A.B. Walter King

YOUR daughter, Thelma, was enjoying her Christmas tree when we made a call at 120, Charlton Lane, Charlton, S.E.7, A.B. Walter King.

At thirteen months, Thelma is now getting to the mischievous age when babies begin to sit up and take notice, and Thelma was certainly interested in the Christmas tree, and also in "Fuse" Wilson's camera.

She is certainly looking very well, probably due to the sun-ray treatment she receives twice a week, and already has a brief vocabulary of two words: "Dad, dad."

Your wife tells us that Thelma is slightly under weight, but don't let that worry you, she certainly looked plump enough and fit enough.

In fact, "Good Morning" is so delighted with Thelma, the Editor has put her on the

Sister Bob, as you can read by the news, is doing her stuff up at the War Office—and Mother says she doesn't know what the country would do without her.

Stan is still flourishing down at A.V.E.'s keeping the wheels of war-production turning and Jack and all your pals down there, including Glamour, send best wishes.

Alec Diamond was wounded out in Burma, but is going on all right, and his brother Douglas has now got a commission.

The "Norbury" is still going strong, also the "Sussex" and the "Wheatseaf" up at the Pond, so you can see they'll still have a little droop of something left for a celebration when you return.

Dad is still kept busy at N.A.A.F.I. juggling with those Naval accounts, and he says: "Why you chaps eat and drink so much, I can't understand. Have a heart, chums; think of the poor accountants."

This week W. H. MILLIER gives the inside story of Bermondsey Billy Wells, a cockney with all the cheek in the world, and as difficult to hit in the ring as a passing cloud—and why he changed his name

BERMONDSEY BOY SAID: "CALL ME BILLY WELLS!"

THE suspension of the two coloured boxers, Danny Webb and Kid Tanner, recalls a similar affair of more than twenty years ago, when two of our leading welter-weights had their purse-money forfeited by reason of their bout being declared "no contest."

The pair under review were among the most skilful glove artists this country possessed, and they were so closely matched that neither could steal an inch over the other. There you have the explanation of what, from the spectators' point of view, was an uninteresting contest.

In actual fact, it was uninteresting only to those who want plenty of action and a full measure of excitement.

To the knowledgeable boxing man, it was a superb exhibition of the art of self-defence.

Neither man could score over the other. They knew too much about the finer points of defence for that. From the purely spectacular point of view it was not a good match, but in all other respects it may have been classed as the perfect match.

The boxers were Fred Dyer, a native of Cardiff, and Bermondsey Billy Wells, a Cockney of Cockneys, with all the self-confidence of his breed. Personally, they were as the poles apart, and as for boxing ability, it was impossible to say which was the better man.

The contest in which they were meeting meant quite a lot at this stage. Neither man could afford to lose, if he could prevent it, because it meant sliding back.

The winner was to meet the reigning champion in a match for the title, and each felt pretty sure that if he could beat the other the champion would be fairly easy to overcome.

In these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that each boxed with the utmost care, and took pains to see that the other fellow did not land a damaging punch. It called for the highest skill in defence, and this is what we saw, no unusual sight for the ring of the old National Sporting Club.

On this occasion, however, it did not give universal pleas-

ure. Murmurs of disapproval became louder as the bout wore on, and it was observed that the big chief, Peggy Bettinson, went and whispered into the ear of his old crony, John Douglas, who was the officiating referee.

Old man Douglas was the owner of an inscrutable face. Many a time the betting fraternity had wished he had possessed a more readable face in order to be able to hedge their bets at the right moment, but it would have been just as easy as interpreting the expression on a Chinese idol.

John Douglas sat motionless throughout the contest. He permitted the boxers to go the full fifteen rounds, and at the end he declared "no contest."

Many of the over-bored spectators were in full agreement and had no doubts in their minds that justice had been done. But they were wrong.

I knew both boxers as intimately as it was possible to know anyone, and in this instance they were as innocent of any collusion as a pair of new-born babes. Poor old Fred Dyer nearly wept. It was the first time such a thing had happened to him in a long and honourable career. He was greatly upset at the "injustice" of it all, and, moreover, he knew that there was no means of getting the wrong righted.

All the boxers who were present on that occasion knew that both men had been doing their best and sympathised with them accordingly, but this did not help much. There was nothing that could be done about it, and the victims had to bear it and hope for better luck next time.

DRY-EYED BILL.

Their purse-money had been forfeited, and that was a severe blow, as prior to this match both boxers had been having a thin time and were in need of the money. Bermondsey Billy Wells did not weep, but when he went back to his dressing-room he delivered himself of his opinion of the referee, and all other officials of the N.S.C., in such a riot of language that even his tough and case-hardened seconds turned pale.

This Wells was what is usually termed a "character." I know of no word in the English language that exactly fits him.

He was irrepressible, and he didn't care a hoot for anyone on two legs. He told Peggy Bettinson in unequivocal terms exactly what he thought of him and his "lousy club," and he added his highly coloured invective to be passed on to the man he considered to be the worst referee that ever sat on a chair.

Needless to say, this boxer was never again seen in the National Sporting Club, but Billy had relieved himself as he felt in duty bound to do, and he was more or less satisfied on that account.

So far as Wells was concerned, it was a case of "give a dog a bad name and it sticks." He was one of those boxers whom we used to classify as "spoilers." When he liked—and he was frequently in the position to do almost as he liked in the ring—he could make the best of his opponents look woefully cheap by his spoiling tactics.

I don't suppose you could find another boxer who was able to infuriate his opponents as consistently as Wells was able to do. Every trick known in boxing was at his command, and many more that were not known until he produced them.

Many a good man has lost to this crafty customer merely because he allowed himself to lose his temper. For "getting the other fellow's goat" Wells was unbeatable.

It did not affect him in the slightest if the whole crowd in a packed building were at one in shouting for his defeat. He could outbox his opponent, carry on a wordy battle with the rival seconds, and still find time to shout a few choice remarks to the crowd yelling for his blood. Indeed, he was irrepressible.

He was much the same outside the ring, and it may be gathered that he was one of those queer coves who prefer to go out of their way to look for trouble rather than to live a quiet life.

I can recall something of his boisterous way of living in a training camp. When George Cook was training for his fight with Carpenter he invited Wells to share his quarters. He little knew that in so doing he was foregoing any peace he might have wished for after the day's work was done.

Albert Lloyd, the Australian cruiser-weight, was also assisting Cook in his training, and he was a lively lad at all hours of day or night, but it took him all his time to try to catch up on Wells, and then he had to give it up as a bad job.

All the practical jokes you ever knew were played on the Australians, and many that were distinctly Wellsian.

One such was to decorate the Australians' bedroom whilst they were out doing road-work. When they returned they found a transformation. The contents of their wardrobes had been swapped over for that of a housemaid and the best Sunday clothes of the cook!

In addition, their jovial friend had taken the Australians' carefully displayed photographs of their sweethearts out of the frames and stuck them into the receptacles taken from under the beds. These were hung on the walls to look like plaques, and when the Aussies saw the handiwork they did not waste any time asking questions.

"I'll give Mr. Wells some-

thing to think about this afternoon, when I get the gloves on with him," said Cook. Of course, he tried, but he might just as well have tried to hit a passing cloud.

HE CAME TO KILL.

The manner of his entry into the boxing game was just what we might expect of him. He was employed by a small parcels delivery firm and used to push a truck. On the fateful day that was to decide his future he had been allotted a round that would take him in a direction he did not wish to go.

He found that a smaller youngster was bound for the Blackfriars area, and he finally bullied him into swapping consignments. That afternoon he parked his truck outside the Ring and bounced his way in as an entrant in a competition for novices. George Harris, the M.C., asked him his name. "Billy Wells," said the unblushing youngster.

The name of Billy Wells was the biggest in British boxing at that time—Bombardier Billy Wells.

Thus the mere mention of the name slightly shook the M.C. off his balance. "Billy Wells," repeated George Harris. "You've got a nerve, my lad."

"I wouldn't be here if I hadn't," was the prompt reply.

There were some tough youngsters in that competition, including a few who were novices a long time back, but Wells beat them all and won the competition in the manner of a tradesman. Forthwith he was given a contract to box at the Ring, and he bade farewell to truck-pushing for ever.

After the unfortunate happening at the N.S.C., Wells shook the dust of the Old Country from his heels and went to America, where he met with notable success. Here he hitched up with a blonde beauty, who succeeded in changing his character, almost overnight, as it were.

In fact, so changed was this Bermondsey Basher that his old friends failed to recognise him on his return, when he paid a short visit to London.

At the weighing-in ceremony for a big fight, when most of the boxing fraternity put in an appearance, Wells was attired in the rig of a Broadway dandy. "Who is the stranger?" asked an old boxer. "Why, don't you know?" was the reply. "That's Bermondsey Billy Wells."

The questioner was for the moment speechless. Then he uttered a phrase that was popularised by the late Billy Bennett at a much later period. "Blimey! He's almost a gentleman."

When he left his truck-pushing and became a professional boxer, one of his pals asked him why he had not used his own name. He coughed ever so gently, and having cleared his throat, gave the best imitation he could of an old Etonian saying, "I'm afraid my people might not like it."

His real name? Yes, of course, you ought to know that. It was Bill Scroggins!

at dawn you see



Three generations here. It is not every submariner who gets such a picture as A.B. Walter King.

back page—look for yourself, Walter.

We also found your wife in the best of spirits, and her mother was also well in the picture. They are both looking forward to your return, and your wife hopes it will not be long before you are both dancing at the Roxy once again.

Your wife has certainly been getting around lately, and has

news of most of your friends for you.

You may be surprised to hear that Charlie is now out of the Navy, and back at his old job once more.

Jack still remembers those games of snooker you played at the Conservative Club in the old days, and he is looking forward to some more when you come home.

Also looking forward to seeing you again is your friend "Salmon" from the office, and we have been asked to pass on the New Year wishes of Mr. Fensom, your old boss.

With these wishes and your wife's hopes that you will be re-united in 1945, we close this letter from home to you, A.B. Walter King.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Millionaires—but each with A DOSE OF STRYCHNINE IN THE GUTS

Continuing **JUST MEAT**
By **JACK LONDON**

HIS sunburned skin was black with the surge of blood in it, and his tobacco-stained teeth were exposed by the snarling lips. Jim shivered and involuntarily cowered. There was death in the man he looked at. Only the night before that black-faced man had killed another with his hands, and it had not hurt his sleep. And in his own heart Jim was aware of a sneaking guilt, of a train of thought that merited all that was threatened.

Matt passed out, leaving him still shivering. Then a hatred twisted his own face, and he softly hurled savage curses at the door. He remembered the jewels, and hastened to the bed, feeling under the pillow for the bandanna bundle. He crushed it with his fingers to make certain that it still contained the diamonds.

Assured that Matt had not carried them away, he looked towards

the kerosene stove with a guilty start. Then he hurriedly lighted it, filled the coffee-pot at the sink, and put it over the flame.

The coffee was boiling when Matt returned, and while the latter cut the bread and put a slice of butter on the table, Jim poured out the coffee. It was not until he sat down and had taken a few sips of the coffee, that Matt pulled out the morning paper from his pocket.

"We was way off," he said. "I told you I didn't dast figger out how fat it was. Look at that."

He pointed to the headlines on the first page:

"**SWIFT NEMESIS ON BUJANNOFF'S TRACK,**" they read. "**MURDERED IN HIS SLEEP**

AFTER ROBBING HIS PARTNER."

"There you have it!" Matt cried. "He robbed his partner—robbed him like a dirty thief." "Half a million of jewels missin'," Jim read aloud. He put the paper down and stared at Matt.

"That's what I told you," the latter said. "What in hell do we know about jools? Half a million!—an' the best I could figger it was a hundred thousand. Go on an' read the rest of it."

They read on silently, their heads side by side, the untouched coffee growing cold; and ever and anon one or the other burst forth with some salient printed fact.

"I'd like to see Metzner's face when he opened the safe at the store this mornin'," Jim gloated.

"He hit the high places right away for Bujannoff's house," Matt explained. "Go on an' read."

"Was to have sailed last night at ten on the *Sajoda* for the South Seas—steamship delayed by extra freight—"

"That's why we caught 'im in bed," Matt interrupted. "It was just luck—like pickin' a fifty-to-one winner."

"*Sajoda* sailed at six this mornin'—"

"He didn't catch her," Matt said. "I saw his alarm-clock was set at five. That'd given 'm plenty of time . . . only I come along an' put the kibosh on his time. Go on."

"Adolph Metzner in despair—the famous Haythorne pearl necklace—Magnificently assorted pearls—valued by experts at from fifty to seventy thousand dollars."

Jim broke off to swear vilely and solemnly, concluding with, "Those damn oyster-eggs worth all that money!"

He licked his lips, and added, "They was beauties an' no mistake."

"Big Brazilian gem," he read out. "That's the way reputations is made . . . in the noospapers. How'd we know he was robbin' his pardner?"

"Anyway, we've got the goods," Jim grinned. "Let's look at 'em again."

He assured himself that the door was locked and bolted, while Matt brought out the bundle in the bandanna and opened it on the table.

"Ain't they beauties, though!" Jim exclaimed at sight of the pearls; and for a time he had eyes only for them. "Accordin' to the experts, worth from fifty to seventy thousand dollars."

"An' women like them things," Matt commented. "An' they'll do everything to get 'em—sell themselves, commit murder, anything."

"Just like you an' me."

"Not on your life," Matt retorted. "I'll commit murder for 'em, but not for their own sakes, but for sake of what they'll get me. That's the difference. Women want the jools for themselves, an' I want the jools for the women an' such things they'll get me."

"Lucky that men an' women don't want the same things," Jim remarked.

"That's what makes commerce," Matt agreed; "people wantin' different things."

In the middle of the afternoon Jim went out to buy food. While he was gone, Matt cleared the table of the jewels, wrapping them up as before and putting them under the pillow. Then he lighted the kerosene stove and started to boil water for coffee. A few minutes later, Jim returned.

(Continued on Page 3)



"Admiral Mellish, behave yourself! Don't you want to hear Beethoven's Fifth?"

QUIZ for today

1. A grap is a fruit, anchor, wide-pronged fork, lady's brooch, pain in the tummy?
2. In what country would you expect to find Wanganui?
3. What and when was the "Boston Tea Party"?
4. How many toes has a cuckoo?
5. What large animal has no voice?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?

Mottled. Speckled. Vermiculated. Stippled. Cross-hatched. Inlaid.

Answers to Quiz in No. 574

1. Kind of rock.
2. Ninepins.
3. When the Red Cross was inaugurated in Switzerland its flag was derived from the Swiss flag (a white cross on a red ground) by reversing the colours.
4. Lady Jane Grey.
5. Australia.
6. Bioscope is a magic lantern, and throws a picture on a screen; others you look through.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



HUMAN, and nothing to do with the war story, in most London mornings recently, was obituary for Ming.

Ming, last of the giant Pandas which started a nation-wide vogue when they were brought to the London Zoo in 1938, who had apparently died in her sleep, had been ailing for some time since her return from Whipsnade about eighteen months ago.

Her passing will be mourned by hundreds of thousands of children all over the country, in whose hearts she held a very special place. Parents adored her, too, because Ming made their children happy.

Within a few weeks of her first appearance at the Zoo, Ming became easily the most popular of all the animals—even to the exclusion of the rare Okapi—and attendance figures began to soar.

Her popularity was reflected in the craze for Panda dolls, toys, pictures and brooches. They were to be seen everywhere.

The Panda toys even ousted the greatly prized Teddy Bear, so much were they cherished by children. There were even Panda cakes, sweets and neckties.

Ming reached literary fame, too. Her name and history and her doings, even her temperamental moods, claimed the attention of writers and cartoonists.

Supplying her natural food of bamboo leaves from the mountains of her native Tibet always presented a problem, and one reason given for her early death is that seeming lack of vitamins in English-grown bamboo.

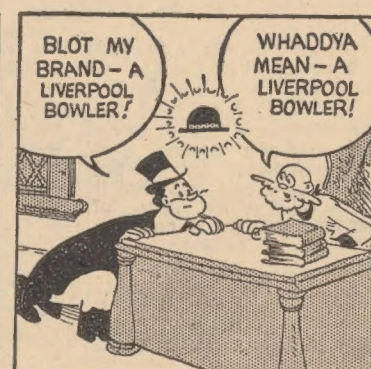


THOUGH Shakespeare is enjoying a boom in London, contemporary writers are still in the money if they can get the paper.

Bill's revival is due in the main, I imagine, to E. M. Tillyard's "Shakespeare's History Plays."

Two popular novels I enjoyed this week-end were "The Blinds Are Drawn," by Pam Kellino, and Hilda Hewett's "Never Come Back."

BEELZEBUB JONES



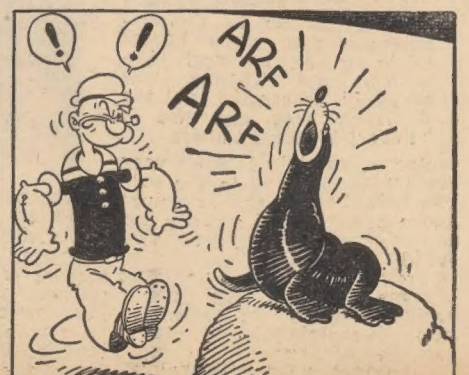
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BELINDA



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POPEYE



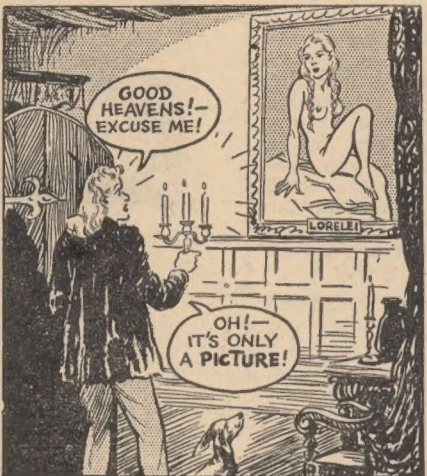
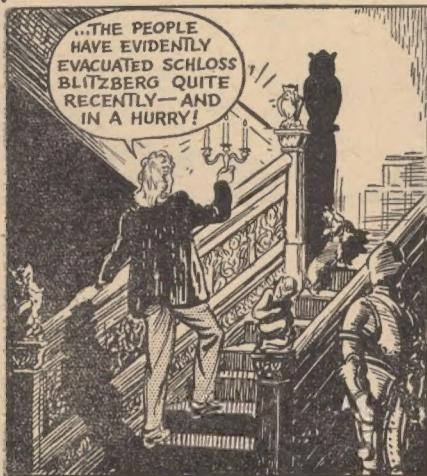
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WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in "*****A*IA and *A*A*IA and get two German States.
2. Here are two English manufacturing towns whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
3. If "fray" is the "ray" of battle, what is the ray of (a) Donkeys, (b) Gardeners, (c) Porters?
4. Find two parts of a railway train hidden in: The drunken gin enthusiast stared at the ten derelict vessels.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 513
1. TUSCANY, LOMBARDY.
2. MOZART—BIZET.
3. (a) Wayfarer, (b) Side-ways.
4. R.-A.S.C., A.T.-S.

JANE



JUST MEAT

on the table, and on the newspaper set the hot frying-pan. He cut the steak in half, and served Jim and himself.
"Eat her while she's hot," he counselled, and with knife and fork set the example.
"She's a dandy," was Jim's judgment, after his first mouthful.
"But I tell you one thing straight, I'm never goin' to visit you on that Arizona ranch, so you needn't ask me."
"What's the matter now?" Matt asked.
"Hell's the matter," was the answer. "The Mexican cookin' on your ranch'd be too much for me. If I've got hell a-comin' in the next life, I'm not goin' to torment my insides in this one. Damned peppers!"
He smiled, expelled his breath forcibly to cool his burning mouth, drank some coffee, and went on eating the steak.
"What do you think about the next life, anyway, Matt?" he asked a little later, while secretly he wondered why the other had not yet touched his coffee.
"Ai't no next life," Matt answered, pausing from the steak to take his first sip of coffee. "Nor heaven nor hell, nor nothin'. You get all that's comin' right here in this life."
"An' afterward?" Jim queried out of his morbid curiosity, for he knew that he looked upon a man that was soon to die. "An' afterward?" he repeated.
"Did you ever see a man two weeks dead?" the other asked. Jim shook his head.
"Well, I have. He was like this beefsteak you an' me is eatin'. It was once steer cavortin' over the landscape. But now it's just meat. That's all, just meat. An' that's what you an' me an' all people come to—meat."
Matt gulped down the whole cup of coffee, and refilled the cup. "Are you scared to die?" he asked.
Jim shook his head. "What's

the use? I don't die anyway. the intangible shadow of its presence. He was aware of a feeling of foreboding. Something ominous snivellin' through another life, an' was about to happen. Calamity go on that way for ever an' ever hovered in the air. He gazed fixedly across the table at the other man. He could not understand. Was it that he had blundered and poisoned himself? No, Matt had the nicked cup, and he had certainly put the poison in the nicked cup.
He ceased abruptly, and stared straight before him, a frightened expression on his face.
"What's the matter?" Matt demanded.
"Nothin'. I was just wonderin'—Jim returned to himself with an effort—"about this dyin', that was all."
But he could not shake off the fright that had startled him. It was as if an unseen thing of gloom had passed him by, casting upon him

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

Scotsman: "How much to press a pair of trousers?"
Assistant: "One shilling."
Scotsman: "Then press one leg for saxeppence. I'm having my photograph taken side view."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Sense 5 Burdens. 9 Stick. 10 Space of time. 12 Parent. 13 Elf. 15 Garden tool. 16 Country overseas. 17 Crane arm. 18 Signify. 20 Soft dress stuff. 23 Brighten. 24 Spill. 27 Is.e of Wight town. 30 Paid up. 31 Printing measures. 33 Coloured fluid. 35 Indian State. 37 Ship's officer. 38 Tune. 39 Norwegian money. 40 Bit of fun. 41 Sharp point

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9					10		11
12				13	14		
15			16			17	
	18		19		20	21	
22		23					
24	25	26			27	28	29
30			31	32		33	34
35		36			37		
38			39				
	40				41		

CLUES DOWN.
1 Lotion. 2 Language. 3 Number. 4 Perceive. 5 Smaller. 6 Scottish county. 7 Condescend. 8 Glossy fabric. 11 Revolt. 14 Documents. 16 At one. 19 Drink. 21 Some. 22 Dance. 25 Fruit. 26 Dismantle. 28 Girl's name. 29 Penetrate. 32 Construct. 34 Path edge. 36 Scull. 37 Rabbie.

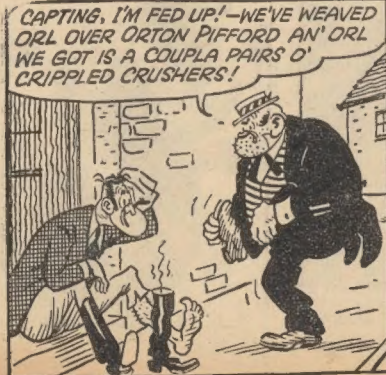
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PHIZ QUIZ



Not unknown at Wembley Stadium, not unknown in North London, he's a captain of gunners, yet not an officer in the Artillery. (Answer to-morrow.)
Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 574: Mickey Rooney.



"Tame? I'll say they're tame!"

Good Morning

UP THE "IRONS." Five West Ham F.C. players were chosen for the A.A. Command team in a match against Southern Command. Here you see the lads from Boleyn Castle : Gunners Woodgate, Dunn, Cater and Wood, and Sergt. Banner signing autographs for A.T.S. Sergt. Irene Taylor before the match.



What's this? Another "Balloon Dancer" in the making? Not at all. It's Thelma, daughter of A.B. Walter King, snapped under the Christmas-tree. We guess, proud father thinks she's the fairy that's fallen off the top of the tree!



"Well, boys, we guess we'll wait until the balloon goes up!" The look you see on Gloria De Haven's face comes from having to sit around in a draught, listening to Frankie Sinatra putting the swoon into croon. It's all in the contract, say RKO Radio, and you can see it with your own eyes in "Step Lively."



THIS ENGLAND. One of the loveliest streets in any town in this island of ours is "The High," at Oxford. Here is the real dignity of architecture. May there be more of it in the England that will arise after the war!



"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; croak, and you croak alone." This piece of age-old philosophy is illustrated anew by the cat and the crow.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Crow's meat is good eating — not a laughing matter."